

NEW

SMASH HITS

MONTHLY

NOVEMBER 1978 25p

The words to

18 TOP SINGLES
including

Summer
Night City

Hong Kong
Garden

Summer Nights

Grease

Now That
We've Found
Love

**LOVE DON'T LIVE
HERE ANYMORE**

By Rose Royce

You abandoned me, love don't live here
anymore.
Just a vacancy, love don't live here
anymore.
When you lived inside of me, there was
nothing I could conceive that you wouldn't
do for me.

(All the words inside)

FREE
THE BOOMTOWN RATS
PULL-OUT POSTER



10

Copies of the latest
BLONDIE
album
TO BE WON

Ever Fallen In Love

By Buzzcocks on United Artists Records

You spurn my natural emotions
You make me feel I'm dirt and I'm hurt
And if I start a commotion
I run the risk of losing you and that's worse

(Chorus)
Ever fallen in love with someone
Ever fallen in love in love with
someone
Ever fallen in love in love with
someone
You shouldn't've fallen in love with

I can't see much of the future
Unless we find out what's to blame,
what a shame
And we won't be together much
longer
Unless we realise that we are the
same

(Chorus)

You disturb my natural emotions
You make me feel I'm dirt and I'm hurt
And if I start a commotion
I'll only end up losing you and that's worse

(Chorus twice)

(Break)

(Chorus)

Ever fallen in love
with someone you
shouldn't've fallen
in love with.

Words and music by
Pete Shelley. Repro-
duced by kind permis-
sion Virgin Music
Limited.



Buzzcocks

SMASH HITS

Our aim is true!

What you're holding in your hands . . . Look, if you're reading this in your newsagents, do yourself a favour, fork out your money and make it yours. You won't regret it, and you'll find *Smash Hits* all the more enjoyable in the comfort of your own home. Tell you what — we'll give you a few minutes to make your newsagent a happy man, to get home and then we'll start again.

OK. Comfortable? What you've just forked out your hard-earned cash for is a brand new magazine. We're *Smash Hits* and we're going to be — wrong, we are already — Britain's biggest, brightest, best-informed and most-informative song lyric magazine.

Our aim is simple and, like Elvis Costello's, it's also true: every month we're going to be bringing you the words to current chart hits.

Check out the ritzy selection in this first issue . . . disco hits from Sylvester, The Jacksons, Rose Royce, Third World . . . pop chart singles from Abba, Olivia Newton John Travolta, Manhattan Transfer, Frankie Valli, Leo Sayer and 10cc . . . and new wave goodies from Buzzcocks and Siouxsie & The Banshees. Plus half a dozen more. Eighteen top songs in all.

Don't turn the page just yet! We've also lined up some hot newsy features. Our gossip pages will keep you up to date on who's doing what, where and to whom. Our review pages cover new releases in disco, soul, rock, pop and reggae . . . And this month's feature spots lift the lid on Rose Royce, The Boomtown Rats and Siouxsie & The Banshees. The centrepiece poster is another regular feature.

How can we be so generous? Well hold on 'cos we haven't finished yet. *Smash Hits* also carries a regular puzzle page, a quiz, and a crossword with mouth-watering prizes. This month 10 copies of the new Blondie album are up for grabs.

We've sweated blood over this first issue of *Smash Hits*, so you'd just better enjoy it! If you want to let us know your opinions on *Smash Hits* — poison pen letters or promises of undying devotion and loyalty, we'll take 'em as they come — then drop us a line to *Smash Hits Monthly*, 41 Broadway, Peterborough, PE1 1RY.

And remember, there'll be another dynamite issue of *Smash Hits* in your newsagents this same time next month. Stay in touch.

Hold on, hold on! We've just heard that there's one or two of you still reading this on the bookstalls. Be fair! We've done our bit — how about you?

Well, to you miserly miseries here's a special message: the newsagent is right at this moment glaring over your left shoulder, and he doesn't look at all happy!

See the rest of you next month.

Chris Hall



Contents

November 1978 Vol 1 No.1

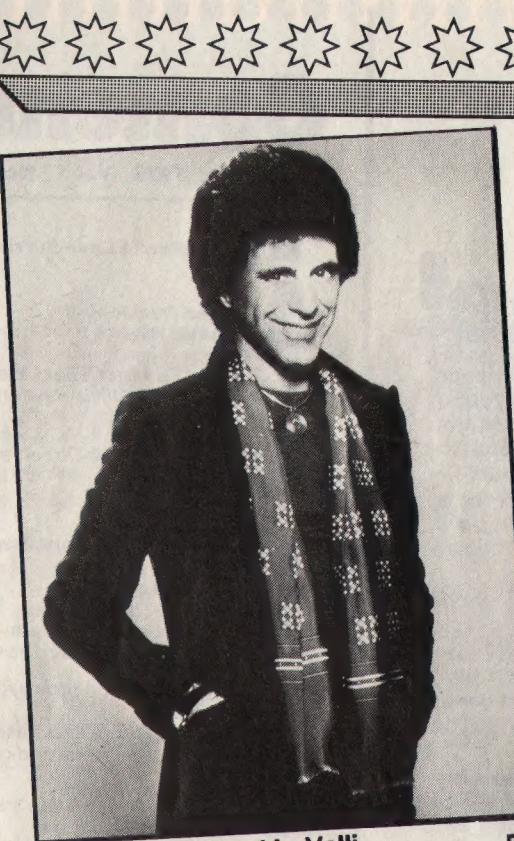
- 2** Ever Fallen In Love Buzzcocks *
- 4** Grease Frankie Valli
- 5** Summer Nights John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John
- You're The One That I Want John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John
- 6** Record Reviews Disco/Soul Rock/Pop
- 7**
- 8** Love Don't Live Here Anymore Rose Royce
- 9** Hong Kong Garden Siouxsie & The Banshees
- Blame It On The Boogie The Jacksons
- Three Times A Lady The Commodores
- 10** Rat Trap The Boomtown Rats *
- Pop Quiz
- 11** Demons, Thugs and Rats! Inside info on Geldof and co.
- 12** The Boomtown Rats
- 13** Full-colour Poster
- 14** Puzzles and Your Stars
- 15** Crossword Competition 10 Blondie albums to be won!
- 16** Now That We've Found Love Third World
- 17** Dreadlock Holiday 10cc
- Where Did Our Love Go Manhattan Transfer
- 18** Gossip and News Who's Doing What, Where and to Whom?
- 19**
- 20** I Can't Stop Lovin' You Leo Sayer
- Until You Come Back To Me Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams
- 21** Lucky Stars Dean Friedman
- Top Of The Pops The Rezillos
- 22** Summer Night City Abba
- You Make Me Feel (Mighty Real) Sylvester
- 23** Puzzles Answers
- Short Takes Close-ups on Rose Royce and Siouxsie & The Banshees
- 24** Abba Full-colour Poster

Editor Chris Hall
Design Ross George

Copyright exists on all song lyrics appearing in *Smash Hits*. They must not be reproduced without the consent of the copyright holders.

All correspondence should be addressed to *Smash Hits Monthly*, 41 Broadway, Peterborough, PE1 1RY.

The magazine is published by EMAP National Publications Ltd., Peterborough, and is printed by East Midland Litho Printers, Peterborough.



Frankie Valli

Grease

By Frankie Valli on RSO Records

I solve my problems and I see the light.
We got a lovin' thing. We gotta feed it right.
There ain't no danger we can go too far.
We start believin' now that we can be who we
are . . .

Grease is the word

They think our love is just a growin' pain.
Why don't they understand it's just a cryin'
shame?

Their lips are lying. Only real is real.
We stop the fight right now.

We got to be what we feel . . .
Grease is the word

(Chorus)

Grease is the word, is the word that you heard
It's got a groove, it's got a meaning.
Grease is the time, is the place
It's the motion.

Grease is the way we are feeling

We take the pressure and we throw away.
Conventionality belongs to yesterday.
There is a chance that we can make it so far.
We start believin' now that we can be who we
are . . .

Grease is the word

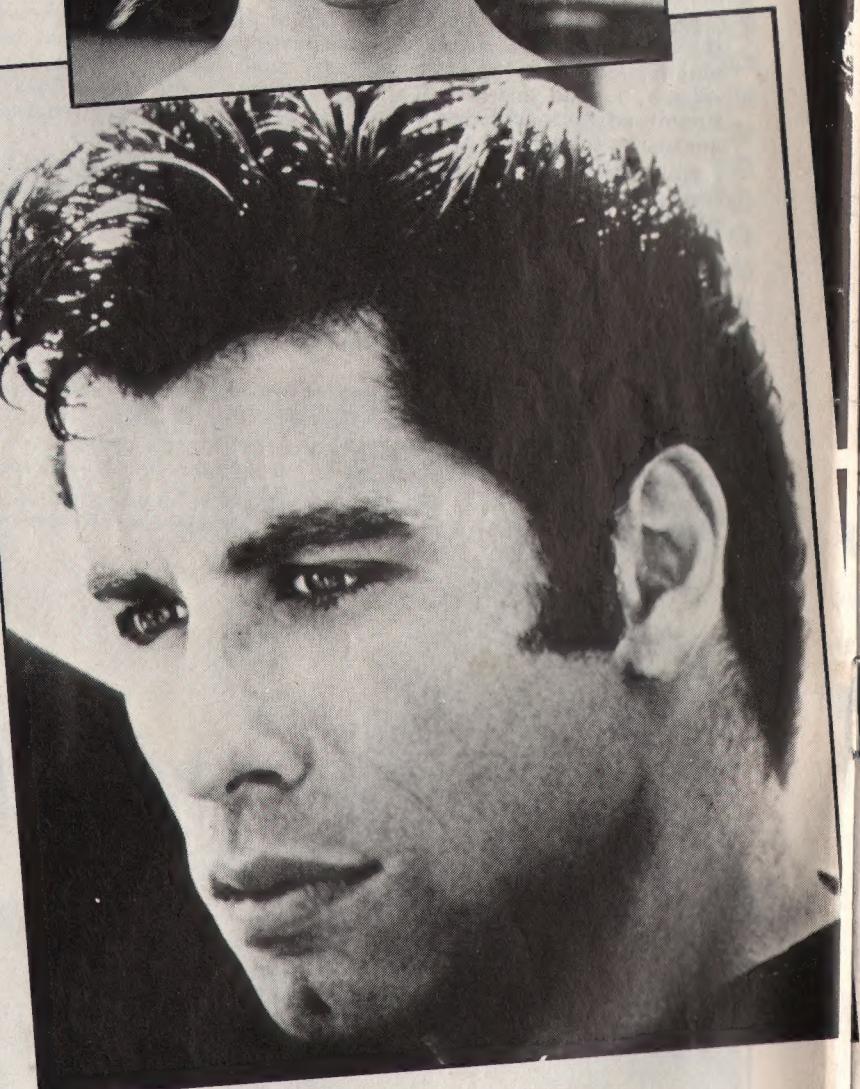
(Repeat chorus)

This is a life of illusion.
Wrapped up in troubles, laced in confusion.
What are we doing here?

We take the pressure and we throw away
Conventionality belongs to yesterday
There is a chance that we can make it so far
We start believin' now that we can be who we are
Grease is the word . . .

(Repeat chorus to fade)

Words and music by Barry Gibb. Reproduced by kind
permission of RSO/Chappell.



You're The One That I Want

By John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John on RSO Records

I got chills, they're multiplyin'
And I'm losin' control
'Cos the power you're supplyin'
It's electrifyin', electrifyin'.

You better shape up
'Cos I need a man.
And my heart is set on you.
Better shape up.
You better understand,
To my heart I must be true . . .

(Chorus)

You're the one that I want, ooh ooh ooh
Honey, the one that I want, ooh ooh ooh
The one that I want, ooh ooh ooh
The one I need, oh yes indeed.

If you're filled with affection,
You're too shy to delay.
Meditate in my direction
Feel your way . . .

Better shape up
'Cos you need a man
(I need a man).
You can keep me satisfied.
Better shape up
'Cos I'm gonna prove
(Better prove).
That my fate is justified.
Are you sure?
(Yes I'm sure down deep inside)
(Repeat chorus to fade)

Words and music by John Farrar. Reproduced by kind permission of Famous Chappell Limited.



John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John

Summer Nights

By John Travolta and Olivia
Newton-John on RSO Records

Summer lovin', had me a blast.
Summer lovin', happened so fast.
I met a girl crazy for me.
Met a boy cute as can be.
Summer days drifting away to uh oh, those summer
nights. Well a well a well uh . . .

Tell me more, tell me more, did you get very far?
Tell me more, tell me more, like does he have a car?

She swam by me, she got a cramp.
He went by me, he got me so damp.
I saved her life, she nearly drowned.
He showed up, splashing around.
Summer sun, something's begun but uh oh, those
summer nights
Well a well a well uh . . .

Tell me more, tell me more, was it love at first sight?
Tell me more, tell me more, did she put up a fight?

Took her bowling in the arcade.
We went strolling, drank lemonade,
We laid out under the dock
We stayed up until 10 o'clock
Summer fling don't mean a thing but uh oh, those
summer nights
Well well well . . .

Tell me more, tell me more, did you make out okay?
Tell me more, tell me more, 'cause it sounds like a drag

He got friendly, holding my hand.
She got friendly down in the sand.
He was sweet, just turned eighteen.
She was cool you know what I mean.
Summer heat, boy and girl meet but uh oh, those
summer nights
Well well well . . .

Tell me more, tell me more, how much dough did he
spend?
Tell me more, tell me more, could you get me a friend?

It turned colder, that's where it ends.
So I told her we'd still be friends.
Then we made our true love vow.
Wonder what she's doing now?
Summer dreams ripped at the seams, but oh, those
summer nights.
Tell me more, tell me more, uh oh.

Words and music by Warren Casey and Jim Jacobs.
Reproduced by kind permission of Chappell Morris
Ltd.

DISCO/SOUL

ALTHOUGH THIS column is intended primarily as a guide to the best of the soul and disco 45s released in Britain during the month leading up to publication, it will inevitably spotlight a few of the hot new import singles as well. More than in any other kind of music, the soul/disco fan is apt to be one jump ahead of the record companies when it comes to voicing choice about what's good or bad.

Normally the imports will be relegated to a final paragraph or two, but this month there are a couple that are far too strong to be denied star billing: Funkadelic's "One Nation Under A Groove" (Warner Brothers) and Brides Of Funkenstein's "Disco To Go" (Atlantic), both of which stem from the same stable, George Clinton's Thang Incorporated, otherwise known as the Parliafunkadelic Mothership.

Until now it's really only been Parliament and Bootsy's Rubber Band that have represented Clinton's Thang Incorporated in Britain with any kind of success, and then only marginally. But Funkadelic's infectious new smash should be the one to change all that and break through the Top 30 barrier, especially as the group is due to visit Britain in November.

Whereas in the past Funkadelic has mainly been the ultra-freaky, rock-oriented, white sheep of the Thang family, this latest release is a skilfully-conceived and subtly-produced soul groove, incorporating an all-voices-together chant over a hand-clapping riff. Funky but sly with it.

In America it's only available as a 7in 45, spread over both sides; here it will be issued, in special packaging, as a full-length 12-incher. Both it and the Brides' funkastic 45 are red hot and burnin'.

Back here in the land of the already-available, Rose Royce have gone storming up the charts with their ballad "Love Don't Live Here Anymore" (Whitfield), but surely close on their tail will be Raydio with their third consecutive hit, "Honey I'm Rich" (Arista), and the never-say-die

Jacksons, whose "Blame It On The Boogie" (Epic) is possibly destined to be their biggest seller since they quit Motown.

Also buzzing around the British charts are Crown Heights Affair, "Galaxy Of Love" (Philips); Sylvester, "You Make Me Feel (Mighty Real)" (Fantasy); and Stargard, whose "What You Waitin' For" (MCA) is perhaps a mite too hardcore funk for mass appeal. Pity — it's a killer.

Raydio: on a hat-trick?



We Funkin' Now", LTD ("Holding On") and Gap Mangione ("Time Of The Season") represent four aspects of modern American soul. Atlantic Starr, in particular, are supercharged with exciting talent and are destined to be platinum stars come Michaelmas.

Over on Polydor, Mr. James Brown — the grandaddy of 50% of today's sounds — is threatening his 125th comeback with a re-recorded, re-mixed, recharged single of "The Spank" (originally featured on his last album, "Jam/1980's"), while Roy Ayers looks set for chart success with his confusing but irresistible disco instruction, "Get On Up, Get On Down", and the home-grown Olympic Runners shoot their best shot for credibility so far with "Get It While You Can."

Out of Philly by way of New York and London, Salsoul Records offer Love Committee's "Do You Feel Alright" and Peter Brown's "You Should Do It", and the second single from Quincy Jones' "Stuff Like That" album, "Love, I Never Had It So Good" (A&M).

On the same label — a label that's swinging harder behind black music with every passing month — Atlantic Starr ("Gimme Your Lovin'" in U.K.; "Stand Up" in U.S.), Brothers Johnson ("Ain't



Stargard — What are you waiting for?

already caused a storm on import — as has "Youngblood" by War (MCA), whose current UK single, the mellower "Baby Face", is compelling stuff too.

Other hot import sounds, all of which should be officially available here soon, include "Down For The Third Time" by Bobby Caldwell (which will be on TK in this country), "Gimmie That Funk" by Dennis Coffey (Westbound), "Stella Fungk" by Slave (Cotillion) and "There'll Never Be" by new Motown signing, Switch.

In this country Motown are still doing well with Platinum Hook's zappy remake of Funkadelic's "Standing On The Verge Of Getting It On" and there's news that, due to public demand, the company will soon be reissuing The Velvetelettes' famed "Needle In A Haystack", first heard in 1965. Old gold never tarnishes.

Cliff White



Atlantic Starr: disco 12 inch

LET'S GET "Grease" out of the way first, right! Entertaining movie, snappy dialogue, poor plot, weak songs — *Smash Hits* has got the best three. John Travolta is confirmed to be A True Star Of Our Times, though Olivia Neutron-Bomb is decidedly too wet for our tastes. The younger you are the more you'll like it — even if at the same time understanding less about the period in which the action is set — but you'd have to be a right misery not to get any fun out of it at all.

As for the "Grease" album, forget it. One good side, three duff ones. At the price they're asking you're better off buying the singles separately.

Looking beyond "Grease" you've got to admit that there's some fine records hanging round the current Top 50. To name just two: the Rose Royce 45 is sneaky and catchy and selling like liver salts in a Spanish hotel, and the Third World soul/disco/reggae crossover hit is a slab of vinyl to satisfy all tastes. In case you didn't know, "Now That We've Found Love" is an O'Jays number, and is taken from the new Third World album "Journey To Addis" (Island).

All this activity is a sure sign of autumn. Record shops are bursting with new "product" — cash-registers greased and serviced in the summer are ready to rake in your hard-earned cash. Don't be taken in by all the merchandising trappings — the picture sleeves, the multi-coloured vinyl, the 12 inch limited editions etc. Taste'n'try before you buy.

Our Ramones copy comes pressed on bright yellow vinyl and we thought we'd stuck it on at the wrong speed since most of the songs are taken at a slower tempo than previous releases where the accelerator was continuously at full throttle. Seems the gear change is designed to get them more radio plays. "Road To Ruin" lacks the infectious craziness of earlier stuff, but the brothers Ramone remain rock's No. 1 fun group and you should start to get to know them better right away.

The Jam's third album, the new Sham 69 and the new Clash are still under wraps as we write, but The Jam's last single "David Watts"/"A Bomb In Wardour Street" (make sure you hear the 'b' side, it sounds like The Clash) indicated that they were back on form.

The Clash, meanwhile, just haven't put a foot wrong in their singles output — even if radio DJs do continue to treat them like carriers of Lassa fever — and advance reports on their second album suggest a collection to match their amazing debut set. The Sham 69 LP we don't know much about, but you should soon have a chance to judge for yourselves.

ROCK/POP



Ramones: Johnny, new member Marky, Joey, Dee Dee.



The Jam: new LP, single

At the other end of the rock scale, there's a new 10cc album "Bloody Tourists" containing "Dreadlock Holiday" and a Yes album on Atlantic called "Tormato" which will probably have charted by the time you read this. Like the rest of Yes' work it simply reeks of polished musicianship, if that's your inclination. Bryan Ferry's new album, "The Bride Stripped Bare", on the other hand, simply confirms that the man who once led the dazzling Roxy Music these days seems to have completely lost his way.

Also disappointing is the debut LP from guitar star Wilko Johnson and his band The Solid Senders (Virgin), while Wilko's old group, Dr Feelgood, on "Private Practice" (United Artists) still haven't worked out how to make a satisfying studio album. Both acts can be dynamite on stage, but neither has transferred well to vinyl (aside of the great Feelgoods live album "Stupidity").

More recommendable are a trio of good pop/punk albums: Blondie's "Parallel Lines" (containing the underrated "Picture This" and "Fade Away And Radiate") on Chrysalis; Radio Stars' "Holiday Album" (Chiswick) and The Rezillos' "Can't Stand The Rezillos" (Sire). All three are full of good, catchy pop songs.

There's not much point talking about singles you'll be hearing yourself on the radio, so we'll save our comments for those that most likely won't make the playlists. Worth checking out are a new reggae 12 inch, "Civilised Reggae/Social Living", by Burning Spear on Island, and the reissued "Another Girl, Another Planet" by The Only Ones on CBS.

Finally, a stop press mention to a couple of singles from bands mentioned earlier. Sham 69's "Hurry Up Harry" and The Jam's "Down In The Tube Station At Midnight" are both due out on Oct 6th on Polydor. We haven't heard Sham's, but The Jam single (three-tracker) is more than a shade unusual.

Chris Hall



Siouxsie & The Banshees

Love Don't Live Here Anymore

By Rose Royce on Whitfield Records

You abandoned me, love don't live here anymore.
Just a vacancy, love don't live here anymore.
When you lived inside of me, there was nothing I could conceive that
you wouldn't do for me.
Trouble seemed so far away
You changed it right away baby.
You abandoned me, love don't live here anymore.
Just a vacancy, love don't live here anymore.

Love don't live here anymore,
Just emptiness and memories of what we had before.
You went away, found another place to stay, another home.
You abandoned me, love don't live here anymore.
Just a vacancy babe, love don't live here anymore.



Rose Royce

Through the windows of my eyes,
Everyone can see the loneliness inside.
Why'd you have to go away, don't you know I miss you so and need
your love?
You've abandoned me, love don't live here anymore.
Just a vacancy, love don't live here anymore.
You've abandoned me, love don't live here anymore.
Just a vacancy babe, love don't live here anymore.
No no no. You've abandoned me (Repeat to fade)

Words and music by Miles Gregory.
Reproduced by kind permission of Warner Bros
Music.

Hong Kong Garden

By Siouxsie & The Banshees on Polydor Records

Harmful elements in the air
Symbols crashing everywhere
Reap the fields of rice and reeds
While the population feeds
Junk floats on polluted water
An old custom to sell your daughter
Would you like No. 23?
Leave your yens on the counter please
Oh oh oh oh oh. Hong Kong Garden.
Oh oh oh oh oh. Hong Kong Garden.
Oh oh oh.

Tourists swarm to see your face
Confucius has a puzzling grace
Disorientated you enter in
Unleashing scent of wild jasmine
Slanted eyes meet a new sunrise
A race of bodies small in size
Chicken chow mein and chop suey
Hong Kong Garden take away
La la la la la la — oh oh oh oh oh.
Hong Kong Garden. Oh oh oh oh oh.

Words and music by McKay, Morris, Sioux, Severin. Reproduced by
kind permission of Chappell & Co Ltd.

Blame It On The Boogie

By The Jacksons on Epic Records. Also by
Mick Jackson on Atlantic Records.

My baby's always dancin', it wouldn't be a bad thing
But I don't get no lovin' and that's no lie
We spend the night in Frisco, at every kind of disco,
From that night I keep our love revived.

(Chorus)
Don't blame it on the sunshine
Don't blame it on the moonlight
Don't blame it on the good times
Blame it on the boogie
(Repeat)

That nasty boogie bugged me, somehow it has drugged me
Spellbound rhythm gets me on my feet
I've changed my life completely, I've seen the light then lead
me
My baby just can't take her eyes off me.

(Chorus twice)
I just can't, I just can't, I just can't control my feet.
(Repeat four times)

(Chorus twice)
This magic music grooves me. That dirty rhythm fools me
The devil's got into me through this dance.
I'm full of funky fever, a fire burns inside me,
Boogie's got me in a super trance.

(Chorus twice)
Sunshine, moonlight, good times, boogie. (You just got ta.)
Sunshine, moonlight, good times, boogie. (Don't you blame
it.)
Sunshine, moonlight, good times, boogie (Ad lib.)
Sunshine, moonlight, good times, boogie (Ad lib.)
(Repeat to fade)

Words and music by M. Jackson, D. Jackson, and E. Krohn.
Reproduced by kind permission of Carlin Music Corporation.



The Commodores

Three Times A Lady

By The Commodores on Motown Records

Thanks for the time that you've given me
The memories are all in my mind
And now that we've come to the end of our rainbow
There's something I must say out loud

You're once twice three times a lady
And I love you
Yes you're once twice three times a lady
And I love you, I love you . . .

When we are together the moments I cherish
With every beat of my heart
To touch you to hold you to feel you to need you
There's nothing to keep us apart

You're once twice three times a lady
And I love you, I love you . . .

Words and music by Lionel Richie.
Reproduced by kind permission of Jobete Music (UK) Ltd.



The Jacksons

SMASH HITS QUIZ

Don't be a pop pea-brain . . .

. . . a rock retard, or a disco dummy. Sharpen your music knowledge with the *Smash Hits* quiz, and soon you'll have all the confidence you need to sound off in company without fear of making a fool of yourself. A point for each correct answer. Ratings and answers at the foot of the page.

- Who had a hit with "5-7-0-5"?
- In the song "Jilted John" who did the singer's girlfriend Julie run off with?
- Who did the British Hustle?
- Who did the Egyptian Reggae?
- A big disco hit by Cerrone was used as the theme tune for "The Kenny Everett Video Show". What was the song?
- Bob Geldof leads which Irish punk/pop combo?
- "Virginia Plain" has twice been a hit for an arty British rock group who are rumoured to be re-forming after two years' inactivity. Name 'em?
- Which British superstar played the part of Thomas Jerome Newton in the sci-fi movie "The Man Who Fell To Earth"?



- The British reggae band pictured above had hits with "Ku Klux Klan" and "Prodigal Son". Who are they?
- Peter Gabriel quit which leading U.K. rock group as leader/singer to start a solo career?

How do you rate?

More than 12 correct.

Well done, 'cos it's not easy. You shouldn't have any trouble sounding off knowledgeably among your friends.

Between 6 and 12.

OK, but you'll need to read *Smash Hits* keenly to keep in touch. Maybe you're too busy watching your dancing feet to pay attention to the finer details.

Under 6.

Congratulations, you're well on the way to becoming a pop pea-brain — you could even get a job as a disc jockey. If you want to avoid this awful fate then you'd better shape up, smartish. Better luck next month.

Answers

1. City Boy; 2. Gordon; 3. Hi-Tension; 4. Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers; 5. Supermarket; 6. David Essex; 7. Roxxy Music; 8. David Bowie; 9. Steel Pulse; 10. Genesis; 11. David Lee Roth; 12. The Jam; 13. Graham Parker; 14. Darts; 15. The Stranglers; 16. Boomtown Rats; 17. Kris Kristofferson; 18. X-Ray Spex; 19. Frankie Valli; 20. The Stranglers.

Rat Trap

Boohtown Rats on Ensign Records.

There was a lot of rocking going on that night
Cruising time for the young bright lights
Just down past the gasworks by the meat
factory door
The five lamp boys were coming on strong
The Saturday night city beat had already
started
And the pulse of the corner boys just sprang
into action
And young Billy watched it under the yellow
street light
And said, "Tonight of all nights, there's gonna
be a fight!"

Billy doesn't like it living here in this town
He says "The traps have been sprung long
before he was born"
He says "Hope bites the dust behind all the
closed doors
And pus and grime ooze from its scab-crusted
sores
There's screaming and crying in the high-rise
blocks"
It's a rat trap Billy but you're already caught
But you can make it if you wanna or you need it
bad enough
You're young and good looking and you're
acting kind of tough
Anyway it's Saturday night, time to see what's
going down
Put on the bright suit Billy, head for the right
side of town
It's only 8 o'clock but you're already bored
You don't know what it is but there's got to be
more
You'd better find a way out, hey kick down that
door
It's a rat trap, and you've been caught!

In this town Billy says "Everybody's trying to
tell you what do do"
In this town Billy says "Everybody says you
gotta follow rules"

You walk up to those traffic lights
You switch from your left to right
You push in that button that button comes
alright,

It says "Walk don't walk, Walk don't walk,
Talk don't talk, Talk don't talk
Walk don't walk, walk don't walk
Talk don't talk, talk don't talk
Hey Billy take a walk, take a walk, take a walk,
Billy take a walk, take a walk, take a walk,
Billy take a walk, take a walk, take a walk."
Hey Billy . . . take a walk with me . . .

Little Judy's trying to watch Top Of The Pops
But mum and dad are fighting don't they ever
stop

She takes down her coat and walks out on the
street

It's cold on that road but it's got that home beat
Deep down in her pocket she finds 50p
Hey is that any way for a young girl to be:
"I'm gonna get out of that school, work in some
factory

Work all the hours God gave me, get myself a
little easy money"
Now, now, now, na-na . . .

Her mind's made up, she walks down the road
Her hands in her pocket, coat buttoned 'gainst
the cold

She finally finds Billy down at the Italian cafe
When he's drunk it's hard to understand what
Billy says

But then he mumbles in his coffee and suddenly
roars

"It's a rat trap Judy, and we've been caught!"
Rat trap! Billy's caught in a rat trap (Repeat to
fade)

Words and music by Bob Geldof. Reproduced
by kind permission of Sewer Fire Hits/Zomba.

Words and music of "Rat Trap" by Bob Geldof. Reproduced
by kind permission Sewer Fire Hits/Zomba.



Demons, Thugs and Rats!

THERE'S MORE THAN a hint of calculated strategy about the Boomtown Rats. Next time you get the chance, check out a Rats gig and note the way they work an audience towards a climax of frenzy with supreme ease — most nights anyway. Chances are you'll come away agreeing that behind this particular hot shot combo there's obviously a pretty shrewd mind at work.

The Rats have learned their craft well. It's as if they've studied carefully what other successful bands have to offer, what it is that lifts them above the also-rans, then selected the bits they can adapt to their own use and discarded the rest.

The most upfront example is singer Bob Geldof's debt to Mick Jagger — you don't need an 'O' level in Rock and Roll Knowledge to see the resemblance in the way Geldof pouts, poses and leers, and generally moves about the stage. Not quite so obvious, but equally significant, is the cunning way the Rats have pitched their appeal midway between pop and punk, with fans in either camp. It gets 'em on Top Of The Pops but retains a certain "street credibility".

One of his jobs in London was in the photographic department of a soft-porn girlie magazine, doing "touch-up" work on pin-up pics where nature lagged behind reader requirements. An uplifting occupation.

All that said, we'd better get it on record here and now that this isn't meant to be a put-down of the Boomtown Rats. After all, Mick Jagger picked up his moves and vocal phrasing from listening to black American R&B singers and any good rock act should be aware

of what's going on among its rivals. Soaking up influences can be interpreted different ways — you can describe it as "eclecticism" if you want to be complimentary, a "rip-off" if you don't!

'Cos generally we rate the Rats

as a pretty nifty outfit, we'll plump down somewhere in the middle of those interpretations and repeat what we said at the outset — that behind the Boomtown Rats there's a shrewd brain at work.

Without dismissing the contributions of the other five, the main brain is that of King Rat himself Bob Geldof.

A DUBLINER, Modest Bob was taught by priests at a Catholic school (like Johnny Rotten). Not surprisingly he lays claim to having been the school's No 1 rebel. After school he got a job as a photographer's assistant, then travelled to England.

The new band had a variety of different early names. For a time they were The Darkside Demons, then The Nightlife Thugs — the name Boomtown Rats came from the autobiography of legendary American singer Woody Guthrie.

Modest Bob himself is a sociable, extrovert mixture of flash and friendliness. Like all the best rock stars he has a dash of arrogance. He's been called an egomaniac, but his surest quality is a single-mindedness directed towards taking his band right to the top and keeping them there.

The Rats will do all right if they just keep in mind the chorus of the current single: "It's a rat trap — and we've been caught!"

from the Irish rock music establishment".

So eventually they scuttled over to England. They had at least one rejection from a record company, but generally word spread fast that the Irishmen were hot property. John Peel was an early supporter, as he has been with so many bands. Several labels bid large sums for their services before they went to Ensign.

Even before their first hit single, "Looking After Number One", the Rats had established an excellent live reputation. They worked long and hard on the new wave gig circuit to build a following, all the while polishing up an energetic and exciting act which was hot on instant appeal and tight on pacing.

APART FROM JAGGER on Geldof, there are other fairly obvious influences at work on the Rats. The new single, "Rat Trap", like some earlier cuts, has a lyrical flow and feel reminiscent of Bruce Springsteen.

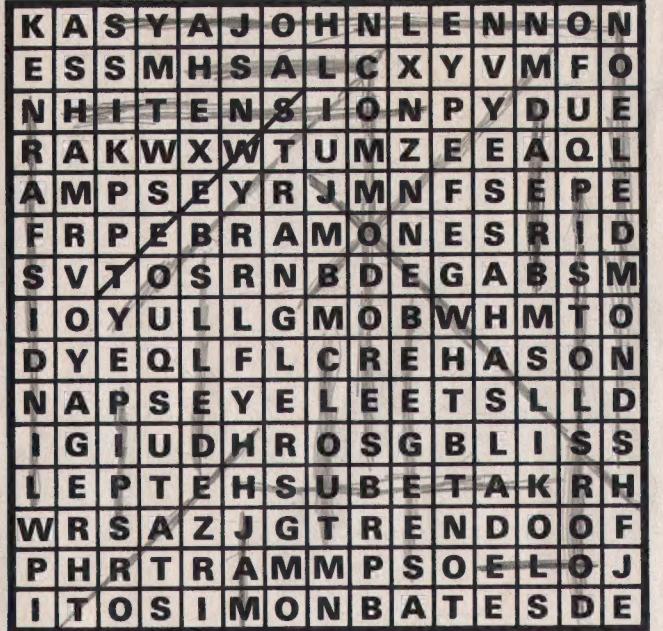
Modest Bob himself is a sociable, extrovert mixture of flash and friendliness. Like all the best rock stars he has a dash of arrogance. He's been called an egomaniac, but his surest quality is a single-mindedness directed towards taking his band right to the top and keeping them there.

The Rats will do all right if they just keep in mind the chorus of the current single: "It's a rat trap — and we've been caught!"



SMASH HITS

THE BOOMTOWN RATS



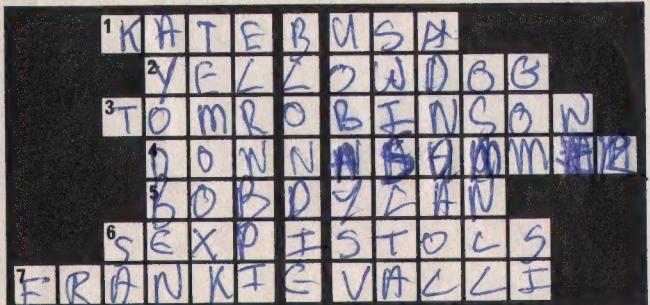
STAR TEASERS

Mind-twisting time. See the list of star names below — well, would you believe that all of them are hidden somewhere in the diagram above? Most of them run across, up and down, others go diagonally — a few of them are printed backwards (like our example) Just to further test your skill! But remember that the words are always in an uninterrupted straight line, letters in sequence whether backwards or forwards. Some letters have to be used more than once, but there are quite a few that you won't use at all — they're just thrown in to confuse you!

We've given you a word to start you off — Sweet. As you find the rest, put a similar line through the word as it appears on the diagram, and cross it off the list. Good luck. The solution is on page 22 if you get stuck.

Bee Gees	Doors	Kiss	Simon Bates	Trammps
Boney M	ELO	Lindisfarne	Slade	Ufo
Bread	Heart	Noel Edmonds	Slik	Voyage
City Boy	Hi-Tension	Ojays	Status Quo	War
Clash	Jam	Pips	Steeleye Span	Who
Clout	Joe Walsh	Pistols	Stranglers	Yes
Commodores	John Lennon	Ramones	Sweet	Tams
Dells	Kate Bush	Sham	Tams	

ANAGRAM PUZZLE



1. But shake (2 words)
2. Good welly (2 words)
3. No tin brooms (2 words)
4. Modern Man U.S. (2 words)
5. Bland boy (2 words)
6. Topless six (2 words)
7. I rank all five (2 words)

Sort out the anagrams above, inserting your solutions in the box provided. When you've finished, the letters falling between the thick black rules — reading downwards — will produce the name (1 word) of a popular American group. Solution on page 22.

YOUR

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 23)
You should have very little to complain about this month. Events are moving at a rare old pace, so use the energy you'll have in abundance to enjoy life to the hilt. Friends will wonder what's come over you. Let 'em.

SCORPIO (Oct 24-Nov 22)
Last month wasn't so hot was it, but October's going to be a whole lot better. You could find yourself in all sorts of pleasurable situations. Cut loose and get stuck in.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23-Dec 21)
Friends may not be prepared to listen at first, but you know best. Good month for stating your point of view, giving advice, playing hunches etc. But don't pull moodies if others don't immediately share your opinions.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 20)
Bit of a dull time ahead, but nothing to loose sleep over. Concentrate on keeping things moving slow but sure, and social prospects may brighten up towards the end of the month. Offers may be scarce so take full advantage of invitations or unusual proposals.

AQUARIUS (Jan 21-Feb 19)
Could be a humdinger month. Take up chances that come your way — there should be plenty of them — but don't burn yourself out. You'll probably start flagging by the end of the month, but you'll have had a good time in the process.

PISCES (Feb 20-Mar 20)
You're going to need to do a bit of thinking this month — in jobs, relationships, family affairs. Advice may only confuse you further. Make up your mind and stick with it. Good times are on the way in the later weeks of October.

ARIES (Mar 21-Apr 20)
Could be a frustrating month, since you can't seem to get your point of view across. Don't give up. If the problem's at work, or it's a relationship one, ask yourself if you wouldn't be better moving on.

TAURUS (Apr 21-May 21)
Someone might have it in for you, but that's their problem — ignore them. Concentrate on enjoying yourself because the month is well-starred for leisure and pleasure.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)
Why is it you're so popular all of a sudden? Postpone any lingering problems and make the most of the offers that are going to come along. You'll have all the energy you need.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)
Good month for bringing about changes in your life that you've been brooding over for some time. It may not all come right at once, but you can make a start on the right track. Start by asking what it is that you really want.

LEO (July 23-Aug 23)
Things haven't been going well for you for some time, but the month is well starred and you could be at the start of an important new phase in your life. Weigh up all the possibilities before you come to a decision — you may have overlooked a good option.

VIRGO (Aug 24-Sep 22)
You're going to find yourself bogged down with petty detail in the middle of the month — you may feel ready to drop at the end of the day. Draw on your reserves of energy and good humour. Something unusual may happen towards the end of the month.

STARS

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 23)
You should have very little to complain about this month. Events are moving at a rare old pace, so use the energy you'll have in abundance to enjoy life to the hilt. Friends will wonder what's come over you. Let 'em.

SCORPIO (Oct 24-Nov 22)
Last month wasn't so hot was it, but October's going to be a whole lot better. You could find yourself in all sorts of pleasurable situations. Cut loose and get stuck in.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23-Dec 21)
Friends may not be prepared to listen at first, but you know best. Good month for stating your point of view, giving advice, playing hunches etc. But don't pull moodies if others don't immediately share your opinions.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 20)
Bit of a dull time ahead, but nothing to loose sleep over. Concentrate on keeping things moving slow but sure, and social prospects may brighten up towards the end of the month. Offers may be scarce so take full advantage of invitations or unusual proposals.

AQUARIUS (Jan 21-Feb 19)
Could be a humdinger month. Take up chances that come your way — there should be plenty of them — but don't burn yourself out. You'll probably start flagging by the end of the month, but you'll have had a good time in the process.

PISCES (Feb 20-Mar 20)
You're going to need to do a bit of thinking this month — in jobs, relationships, family affairs. Advice may only confuse you further. Make up your mind and stick with it. Good times are on the way in the later weeks of October.

ARIES (Mar 21-Apr 20)
Could be a frustrating month, since you can't seem to get your point of view across. Don't give up. If the problem's at work, or it's a relationship one, ask yourself if you wouldn't be better moving on.

TAURUS (Apr 21-May 21)
Someone might have it in for you, but that's their problem — ignore them. Concentrate on enjoying yourself because the month is well-starred for leisure and pleasure.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)
Why is it you're so popular all of a sudden? Postpone any lingering problems and make the most of the offers that are going to come along. You'll have all the energy you need.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)
Good month for bringing about changes in your life that you've been brooding over for some time. It may not all come right at once, but you can make a start on the right track. Start by asking what it is that you really want.

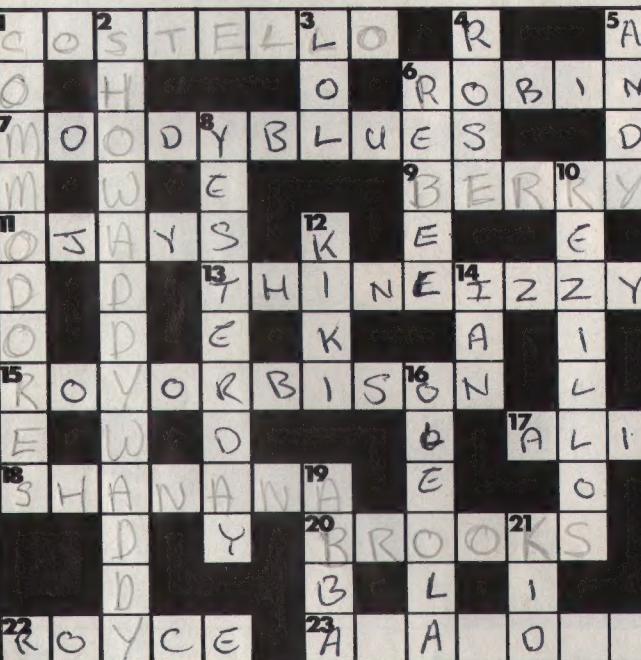
LEO (July 23-Aug 23)
Things haven't been going well for you for some time, but the month is well starred and you could be at the start of an important new phase in your life. Weigh up all the possibilities before you come to a decision — you may have overlooked a good option.

VIRGO (Aug 24-Sep 22)
You're going to find yourself bogged down with petty detail in the middle of the month — you may feel ready to drop at the end of the day. Draw on your reserves of energy and good humour. Something unusual may happen towards the end of the month.

Get in line with Blondie

Blondie's new album "Parallel Lines" is released on Chrysalis Records, and contains their hit single "Picture This" plus 11 other tracks. We're putting 10 copies up for grabs.

Every month in *Smash Hits* we'll be offering all-star prizes to those who get lucky in our crossword competition. This month we've lined up 10 copies of the great new Blondie album — giving 10 readers a chance to get in line with Blondie! So get a ballpoint, and get lucky.



Clues

ACROSS

- 1 Once, twice, three times a soul group. See, we can do our sums too!
- 2 British rock 'n' roll revival outfit, they've had a string of hits
- 3 Kevin Godley and --- Creme left 10cc to form their own group
- 4 & 22 across American soul group who achieved success via "Car Wash" movie and soundtrack
- 5 Brother of 6 across, but not a Bee Gee
- 6 Multiply a runaway by two to arrive at a 1974 David Bowie hit!
- 7 Schmalzy Paul McCartney ballad standard recorded by Beatles and dozens of other artists
- 8 You may have seen them singing "Top Of The Pops" on "Top Of The Pops"!
- 9 Duetted with Elton John on "Don't Go Breaking My Heart"
- 10 What a wastrel!
- 11 Rod Stewart's song for the Scottish World Cup Squad (didn't do them much good, did it Rod?) (3, 3)
- 12 These Swedes are the same backwards as forwards
- 13 Radio 1 DJ who sounds too young to be on the airwaves!
- 14 See 4 down
- 15 ----- Sane" was Bowie's LP follow-up to "Ziggy Stardust"
- 16 Veteran U.S. pop balladeer, his hits included "Only The Lonely", "Blue Bayou" and "Oh Pretty Woman" (3, 7)
- 17 George Benson's "The Greatest Love Of All" was the theme tune from which sport star's biographical movie?
- 18 American rock 'n' roll revival outfit who star in "Grease" (3, 2, 2)
- 19 Surname of "Pearl's A Singer" lady
- 20 See 4 down
- 21 Radio 1 DJ who sounds too young to be on the airwaves!
- 22 See 4 down
- 23 ----- Sane" was Bowie's LP follow-up to "Ziggy Stardust"

Name _____

Address
(BLOCK CAPITALS)

How to enter

Simply solve our crossword puzzle, writing the answers in ink, pen or ballpoint. Complete the coupon with your own full name and address, then cut it out and post it in a sealed envelope addressed to: *SMASH HITS* MONTHLY (Crossword), 41 Broadway, Peterborough, PE1 1RY. Make sure it arrives not later than November 5th, 1978, the closing date.

The senders of the first 10 correct entries checked after the closing date will each receive a copy of Blondie's new album.

The Editor's decision on all matters relating to the competition will be final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into.

The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, Eire, Channel Isles and the Isle of Man, excluding employees (and their families) of *Smash Hits* and East Midland Allied Press.

Prizes will be despatched by post as soon as possible after the closing date and the answers will be given in the December issue of *Smash Hits*.

Dreadlock Holiday

By 10cc on Mercury Records

I was walkin' down the street
Concentratin' on truckin' right
I heard a dark voice beside of me
And I looked round in a state of fright
I saw four faces, one mad,
A brother from the gutter
They looked me up and down a bit
And turned to each other

I say
I don't like cricket, oh no, I love it
I don't like cricket, no no, I love it
Don't you walk thru' my words
You got to show some respect
Don't you walk thru' my words
'Cause you ain't heard me out yet.

Well he looked down at my silver chain
He said I'll give you one dollar.
I said you've got to be jokin' man
It was a present from me mother.
He said like I it I want it
I'll take it off your hands
And you'll be sorry you crossed me
You'd better understand that you're alone
A long way from home.

And I say
I don't like reggae, no no, I love it
I don't like reggae, I love it
Don't you cramp me style
Don't you queer me pitch
Don't you walk thru' my words
'Cause you ain't heard me out yet.

I hurried back to the swimming pool
Sinkin' Pena Calarda.
I heard a dark voice beside me say
Would you like something harder
She said I've got it you want it
My harvest is the best
And if you try it you'll like it
And wallow in a Dreadlock Holiday

And I say
Don't like Jamaica, oh no, I love her
Don't like Jamaica, oh no, I love her oh yea.
Don't you walk thru' her words
You got to show some respect
Don't you walk thru' her words
'Cause you ain't heard her out yet

I don't like cricket I love it, Dreadlock Holiday
I don't like reggae I love it, Dreadlock Holiday
Don't like Jamaica I love her, Dreadlock Holiday

Words and music by Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman. Reproduced by kind permission of St. Annes Music Ltd.



Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman

Third World



Now That We've Found Love

By Third World on Island Records

Now that we've found love what are we gonna do with it? (Repeat)
Make natty shook, make natty shook, make natty shook,
Make natty shook, make natty shook shook shook shook
All over the place I'm saying
C'mon baby, where the music's playing.
I wanna see you dance dance dance.
C'mon baby, sing where the music's playing
I wanna see you dance, get up and dance.
Move yeah, said move yeah. I said:
C'mon baby, let me tell you what a man can do.
I said: music wooh yeah, sold it to my soul, moving on and on.
Now that we've found love what are we gonna do with it? (Three times)

Let's give love a try, let Jah control, control your destiny,
We owe it to ourselves, yes we do, to live happy eternally.
Sweet love is what we've been searchin' for,
And love is what we're looking for.
Yeah, now that I've got it right here in my hands
I'm gonna spread it all over the land — now!

Now that we've found love what are we gonna do with it? (Three times)
You've got to forgive and forget, let hate, let hate be your enemy
And have love, and only love will set your spirit free
Oh love is what we've been searchin' for
And sweet love is what we're looking for.
Now that I've got it right here in my hands
We're gonna share it all over the land.
Now that we've found love (tell me) what are we gonna do with it?
(Repeat to fade)

Words and music by Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff. Reproduced by kind permission of Carlin Music Corporation.

Where Did Our Love Go?

By The Manhattan Transfer on Atlantic Records

Baby baby where did our love go?
Don't you want me, don't you want me no more?
You came into my life so tenderly
With a burning love that stings like a bee
And now that I surrender so helplessly
You now wanna leave me, oh you wanna leave me.
Baby baby baby where did our love go?
Ah don't you want me, don't you want me no more?
Oh baby baby baby ooh baby baby . . .

Now baby baby baby where did our love go?

Why don't you want me, don't you want me no more?
Oh baby baby, don't leave me
Please please don't leave me girl, all by myself.
If I surrender, baby baby, so helplessly, oh don't leave
me sugar, all by myself . . .
If I surrender, baby baby, so helplessly, oh please
don't leave me girl, all my myself . . . (Fade).

Words and music by Brian Holland, Lamont Dozier and Eddie Holland. Reproduced by kind permission of Jobete Music (U.K.) Ltd.

The Manhattan Transfer



GOSSIP ★★ GOSSIP ★★ GOSSIP

COMPLETE CONTROL?

The Clash seem to be heading for a showdown with their management. Internal disharmony surfaced recently not for the first time when The Clash pulled out of a London gig, telling the press that it was a protest gesture at the way radio station programmers ignore their records.

Now we can sympathise with that. The Clash have produced at least four classic singles, each receiving approximately zilch DJ support. But it's not DJs who suffer by blown-out gigs — when was the last time you saw Tony Blackburn at a Clash concert? — it's the fans who get deprived.

But what's this? — The Clash now say that the whole thing is rubbish. They say that the gig was booked by their management without their approval, and that they had nothing to do with the circulated story about a radio protest.

We're left wondering what on earth's going on? With plenty of more worthwhile battles to be fought, isn't it about time that The Clash and their management got on the same side and put that kind of nonsense behind them?

More disharmony... Don't run away with the idea that artists always get to choose their own releases. Tom Robinson was so annoyed that EMI, his record company, released "Too Good To Be True" as a single against his wishes that he told TRB fans in a club newsletter not to buy it since it's a track they should already have on the album.

Neither were Blondie too happy about their record company's choice of "Picture This" as their new single, although we think their criticism is misplaced.



Clash City Squabblers:
Paul, Mick, Joe, Nicky



Shorts

The female voice on the Dean Friedman single "Lucky Stars" — the over-30s answer to "Jilted John"? — is that of a lady called Denise Marsa. We don't know any more about her but isn't it a shade chauvinistic of Mr Friedman not to give her even a mention on the record credits?

* * *

What are we to make of the story carried by one London evening paper that John Travolta is a disciple of Scientology, the controversial "religion" which has been heavily criticised for the influence it exerts over the lives of its followers?

Punk: Behind Closed Doors!

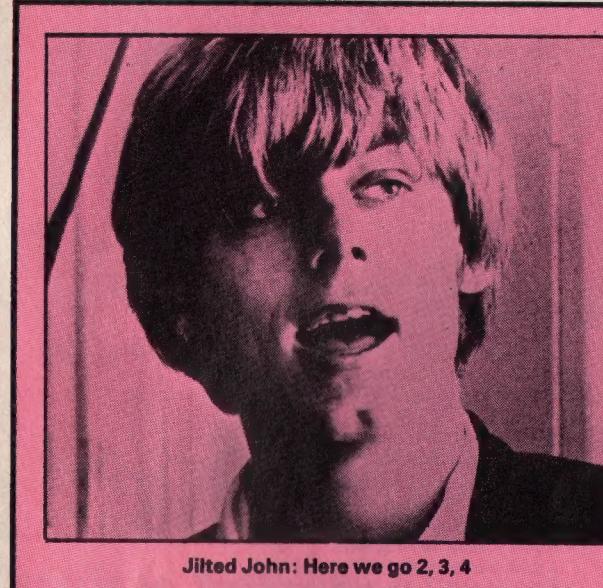
The Stranglers and authority just don't mix. The two are at odds again over an incident at the Top Of The Pops studio. During filming there apparently Jean Jacques Burnel of The Stranglers was overcome by a sudden urge to smash down the door of a dressing room occupied by pop group Child. The BBC authorities didn't exactly laugh it off and the word is that The Stranglers are now banned from Top Of The Pops. No-one will confirm this since the BBC doesn't officially ban anybody — they just don't extend invitations to people they don't want and that now seems to include The Stranglers.



Blondie: Didn't choose "Picture This"

Made in Hong Kong?

Due largely to the disco boom, singles sales are enjoying a sudden upswing. Demand for some records has been such that British record pressing factories have been unable to cope. According to Polydor Records, 40 factories throughout the world have been contacted to assist with pressings of the Frankie Valli single, "Grease", in order to meet heavy public demand.



Jilted John: Here we go 2, 3, 4

The continuing saga of John, Julie & Gordon

Out on the Pogo label is a single credited to Julie & Gordon called "Gordon's Not A Moron", which might seem to be a follow-up to Jilted John's "Jilted John". In fact the Pogo 45 has nothing to do with Jilted John at all — and JJ (in reality Graham Fellows, a Manchester drama student) is almost as annoyed as when he saw Julie at the bus stop with Gordon!

But Gordon's not smiling either — the real Gordon that is — because he's disclaiming the Pogo single as well. The Julie & Gordon of "Gordon's A Moron" are in fact a couple of "imposters" trying to cash in on Jilted John's success. The real Gordon says that he and John decided against a follow-up, but that the Pogo single will convince the public otherwise.

Our verdict on "Gordon's Not A Moron" is that it lacks the charm and wit of the original, and should be denied an easy ride to the top on the back of a far superior record.

Roxy re-united?

Though the project's still cloaked in a certain amount of secrecy, no-one at the group's management is actually denying reports that Roxy Music are on the verge of re-forming.

But then again, Roxy never officially split in the first place. Bryan Ferry's comment at the time was that they would undergo a "period of trial separation". That was in summer 1976.

Since then Ferry has pursued his solo career with limited success, saxophonist Andy Mackay has kept his bank manager happy via his music for "Rock Follies", guitarist Phil Manzanera has cut records with his own band 801, violin/keyboards player Eddie Jobson joined Frank Zappa's band, and drummer Paul Thompson has continued to work closely with Ferry.

Since none of these activities has proved as illustrious as those of Roxy Music it would surprise no-one if they reunited.



The last Roxy line-up, summer '76 — Mackay, Ferry, Manzanera, Jobson and Thompson.

carry on

Despite the Keith Moon tragedy, The Who will continue as a working group. Moon's death came, in fact, right in the middle of one of The Who's most productive periods, but it's welcome news that the rest of the group will carry on.

Next month should see the release of the band's movie "The Kids Are Alright". This is the full-length cinema documentary which follows the 15-year history of The Who from their earliest days in London's Shepherds



Vintage Who, circa '66: The Kids Are Alright

A boogie confusion

Not surprisingly there's some confusion in record shops over the hit single "Blame It On The Boogie". There are two versions out of the same song — one by The Jacksons (lead singer: Michael Jackson) on Epic, the other by Mick Jackson (no relation) on Atlantic who wrote the song. Both are selling well. The Jacksons' version is faster and better disco material — Mick Jackson's is slower and funkier. Take your pick.

Leo Sayer



I Can't Stop Loving You

By Leo Sayer on Chrysalis Records

So you're leaving, in the morning on the early train
I could say everything's alright.
I could pretend and say goodbye,
Got your ticket, got your suitcase, got your leaving
smile.
I could say that's the way it goes
I could pretend, and you won't know
That I was lying
'Cause I can't stop loving you
I can't stop loving you
I can't stop loving you
Though I try.

Took a taxi to the station, not a word was said
I saw you walk across the road
Maybe the last time but I don't know
Feeling humble I heard a rumble on the railway track
And when I hear that whistle blow
I walk away and you won't know
That I was lying
I can't stop loving you
I can't stop loving you
No I can't stop loving you
Though I try.
I just can't stop loving you
I can't stop loving you
I just can't stop loving you
Why should I try, why should I try?
I just can't stop loving you
(Fade)

Words and music by Billy Nicholls. Reproduced by kind permission of GH Music Ltd.

Until You Come Back To Me

By Johnny Mathis and Deniece Williams on CBS Records

Though you don't call any more I sit and wait in vain
I guess I'll rap on your door, tap on your window pane

I wanna tell baby the changes I'm going through
Missing you, listen you
Until you come back to me that's what I'm gonna do.

Why did you have to decide you had to set me free
I'm gonna swallow my pride and beg you to please
baby please see me
I'm gonna walk by myself just to prove that my love is true

All for you baby
Until you come back to me that's what I'm gonna do.

Living for you my dear is like living in a world of constant fear
Dear my pie, I've got to make you see that our love is dying

Although your phone you ignore somehow I must,
Somehow I must, how I must explain
I'm gonna rap on your door, tap on your window pane

I'm gonna camp on your steps until I get through to you
I've got to change your view baby.

Until you come back to me that's what I'm gonna do.
Until you come back to me that's what I'm gonna do.

Until you come back to me that's what I'm gonna do.
I'm gonna rap on your door, tap on your window pane.

(Repeat last line twice to fade)
Words and music by Stevie Wonder, Clarence Paul and Morris Broadnax. Reproduced by kind permission of Jukebox Music (UK) Ltd.



I Can't Stop Loving You

By Leo Sayer on Chrysalis Records

So you're leaving, in the morning on the early train
I could say everything's alright.
I could pretend and say goodbye,
Got your ticket, got your suitcase, got your leaving
smile.
I could say that's the way it goes
I could pretend, and you won't know
That I was lying
'Cause I can't stop loving you
I can't stop loving you
I can't stop loving you
Though I try.

Took a taxi to the station, not a word was said
I saw you walk across the road
Maybe the last time but I don't know
Feeling humble I heard a rumble on the railway track
And when I hear that whistle blow
I walk away and you won't know
That I was lying
I can't stop loving you
I can't stop loving you
No I can't stop loving you
Though I try.
I just can't stop loving you
I can't stop loving you
I just can't stop loving you
Why should I try, why should I try?
I just can't stop loving you
(Fade)

Words and music by Billy Nicholls. Reproduced by kind permission of GH Music Ltd.



Lucky Stars

By Dean Friedman on Lifesong Records

What, are you crazy, how in the hell can you say what you just said?
I was talking to myself, shut the door and come to bed.

By the way I forgot to say, your endearing mother called today.

Did you see Lisa? — Yes I saw Lisa.
Is that why you're angry? — I wasn't angry.
Maybe a little? — Not even maybe.
Must be the weather. — Now don't be a baby.
Well how am I supposed to feel, with all the things you don't reveal

And you can thank your lucky stars that we're not as smart as we like to think we are.

Would you like to talk about it? — There's not much to say.

We had lunch this afternoon, her life's in disarray.
She still goes around as if she's always stumbling off a cliff.

Do you still want her? — What are you saying?

Do you still want her? — Baby stop playing.
Really I mean it, can you forget her?

Baby now stop it, you should know better.
I know this is hard to do but there's no one for me but you,

And you can thank your lucky stars that we're not as smart as we like to think we are.

Baby I'm sorry, I was wrong, I have no alibis.
I was acting like a fool and I apologise.

Listen hon, I know you're dumb but that's okay, you don't have to look so glum?

Do you still love me? — Yes I still love you?
You mean you're not just being nice? — I'm not just being nice.

Do you feel sleepy? — Yes I feel sleepy.
Well slide over here 'cause I may not be all that bright but I know how to hold you tight

And you can thank your lucky stars that we're not as smart as we'd like to think we are.

And you can thank your lucky stars that we're not as bright as we'd like to think we are.

And we can thank our lucky stars that we're not as bright as we'd like to think we are.

Words and music by Dean Friedman. Reproduced by kind permission of Heath Levy Co. Ltd.



Top Of The Pops

By The Rezillos on Sire Records

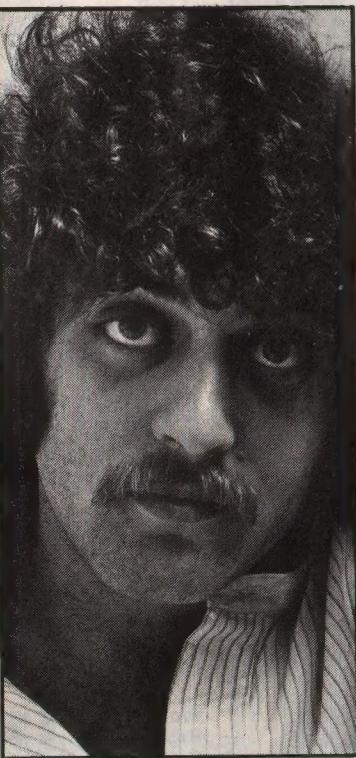
(Verse 1)
Hold tight — Now we're on our own.
Cue light — Now it's ready to roll.
Tonight — How I've waited for, aggravated for years.
It's fun — Oh I just can't wait.
Hold on — Do I look up to date?
You're on — I'll do anything, that's the right thing to see.
Does it matter, what is shown?
Just as long as everyone knows.
What is selling, what to buy
The stock market for your hi-fi.
Take the money. Leave the box.
Everybody's on Top Of The Pops.

(Verse 2)
There's one — Born every day.
Sing song — Then you fade away.
Ding dong — What's the future in the pop music industry?
Alright — So you make the grade.
Hold tight — To the buck you've made.
Just wait — You been rated for constipated peak viewing-time.
Does it matter how it goes
Just as long as everyone knows
What's in fashion, what is seen
On the front of a television screen?
Take the money. Leave the box.
Everybody's on Top Of The Pops.

(Repeat Verse 1)

Pay the money. Watch the box.
Everybody's on Top Of The Pops.
Everybody's on Top Of The Pops. Hey!

Words and music by John Callis. Reproduced by kind permission Virgin Music. © 1978 Bleu Disque Music Inc/Virgin Music (Publishers) Ltd.



Dean Friedman

Siouxsie & The Banshees

Summer Night City

By Abba on Epic Records

Summer night city, summer night city.

(Chorus)

Waiting for the sunrise, soul dancin' in the dark, summer night city.
Walkin' in the moonlight, love-makin' in a park, summer night city.

In the sun I feel like sleepin', I can't take it for too long,
My impatience slowly creepin' up my spine and growin' strong.
I know what's waiting there for me
Tonight I'm loose and fancy free.
A'h . . . When the night comes with the action I just know it's time to go,
Can't resist the strange attraction from that giant dynamo.
Lots to take and lots to give, time to breathe and time to live . . .

(Repeat chorus)

Its elusive call it glitters, somehow something turns me on,
Some folks only see the litter, we don't miss them when they're gone.
I love the feeling in the air
My kind of people everywhere.
Ah . . . When the night comes with the action I just know it's time to go,
Can't resist the strange attraction from that giant dynamo.
And tomorrow when it's dawning and the first birds start to sing,
In the pale light of the morning nothing's worth remembering
It's a dream, it's out of reach
Scattered driftwood on a beach . . .

(Chorus repeated to fade)

Words and music by Benny Andersson and Bjorn Ulvaeus.
Reproduced by kind permission of Bocu Music Ltd.

PUZZLES ANSWERS

(from page 14)

K	A	S	Y	A	J	O	H	N	L	E	N	N	O	N
E	S	S	M	H	I	G	A	L	X	Y	V	M	F	O
N	H	T	E	N	S	O	N	P	Z	D	U	E		
R	A	K	W	X	W	T	U	M	Z	E	A	Q	L	
A	M	P	S	E	Y	R	J	M	N	F	S	E	P	E
F	R	P	E	B	R	A	M	N	E	S	M	I	D	
S	V	T	G	S	R	N	B	D	E	G	A	B	S	M
I	O	Y	U	L	L	G	M	O	B	W	H	M	T	O
D	Y	E	Q	I	F	C	R	E	H	A	S	O	N	
H	A	P	S	E	Y	E	E	T	S	I	L	D		
I	G	I	U	D	H	R	O	S	G	B	L	I	S	S
L	E	P	T	E	H	S	U	D	E	T	A	K	R	N
W	R	S	A	Z	J	G	T	R	E	N	D	O	O	F
P	N	R	T	R	A	M	M	S	O	R	L	O	J	
I	T	Q	S	I	N	O	B	A	T	E	S	D	E	

K	A	T	E	B	U	S	H				
2	Y	E	L	L	O	D	O	G			
3	T	O	M	R	O	B	I	N	S	O	N
4	D	O	N	N	A	S	U	M	M	E	R
5	B	O	B	D	Y	L	A	N			
6	S	E	X	P	I	S	T	O	L	S	
7	F	R	A	N	K	I	E	V	A	L	L



Sylvester

You Make Me Feel (Mighty Real)

By Sylvester on Fantasy Records (Extended disco version)

When we're out there dancin' on the floor, darling
And I feel like I need some more
And I feel your body close to mine
And I know my love it's about that time
Make me feel mighty real (Repeat)
You make me feel mighty real (Repeat)

When we get home, darling, and it's nice and dark
And the music's in me, and I'm still real hot
Then you kiss me there, and it feels real good
And I know you'll love me like you should.

Oh, you make me feel mighty real (Repeat)
Make me feel mighty real (Four times)
I feel real, I feel real, I feel real, I feel real, real real,
I feel real, I feel real, I feel real, I feel real, wooo.

I feel real, I feel real, I feel real, real real,
I feel real, I'm real real, I'm real real, I feel real.
Wooh! I feel real. Wooh! I'm real real,
I feel real, I feel real, I feel real, I'm real real.
You make me feel mighty real. You make me feel mighty real.

Ooh, you make me feel mighty real. You make me feel mighty real.

Ooh, I feel real when you touch me
I feel real when you kiss me
I feel real when you touch me
I feel real when you hold me
Real real, I feel real (Repeat to fade)

Words and music by Sylvester and Tip Warrick.
Reproduced by kind permission of Carlin Music Corporation.

SHORT TAKES: Rose Royce

OF ALL THE MANY and varied bands producing the sound of young black America, Rose Royce have possibly been the most proportionally successful here in Britain. Of course, they're not yet so internationally celebrated as giants like The Commodores, Earth Wind & Fire or The Isley Brothers, but then Rose Royce is a new name on the scene compared to those long-established stars.

And while the established acts have found only a minor or very belated following in this country, Rose Royce won a nationwide audience with their very first release and have kept on hitting home. "Love Don't Live Here Anymore" has fairly rocketed up the charts. Naturally, it didn't harm the group to be launched as the musical mainstay of the film "Car Wash", but that doesn't mean they were just passengers on a free ride to fame. On the contrary, their music and the success of the soundtrack album, and singles "Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is" and "I Wanna Get Next To You", was as much a boost to the film as vice versa.

If there was any one key factor in their success over and above their own musical talent it was — and still is — the imaginative writing and direction of their mentor/producer Norman Whitfield. After the success of "Car Wash" in 1976 he set up his own Whitfield record label. But at that time Whitfield was already a name known to millions through his 10 or more years of work with Motown, writing and producing for such acts as Marvin Gaye, Temptations, Edwin Starr and Undisputed Truth. During his last few years with Motown it was the musicians who are now Rose Royce who were his main regular session men, both in the studio and on tour, when they were known as Total Concept Unlimited.

The eight original members, all from California, first got together from the remnants of two separate groups in 1973. Apart from keyboard player Michael Nash, who has been standing in for Victor Nix during the latter's protracted illness, the only non-original (and non-playing) member of the group is lead singer Rose Norwalt, who joined the fellas just before they changed the group name to Rose Royce and recorded "Car Wash". (Rose Norwalt, by the way, was born Gwen Dickey, which may explain the name change.)

Although Rose is most often upfront, both guitarist Kenji Brown and trumpeter Kenny Copeland are also lead vocalists (it was Kenny on "I Wanna Get Next To You"), while bassist Lequeint Jobe and drummer Henry Garner contribute harmony parts and saxman Michael Moore is the bass voice. Completing the group are Freddie Dunn on trumpet and Terral Santiel, percussion.

In short, Rose Royce is a fully-fledged harmony vocal group, has a trio of exceptionally good solo lead singers and is one of the most talented instrumental outfits around today. No wonder they keep getting hits.

Lyrics to "Love Don't Live Here Anymore" page 8



Siouxsie & The Banshees

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES were one of the early punk new wave bands who seemed to have missed the boat when the big labels rushed around offering record contracts to anyone with a spiky haircut in the first heady months of the new music movement.

Yet Siouxsie Sioux had been one of the earliest "faces" on the punk scene — she was a leading figure in the well-publicised contingent of hard-core fans who followed the Sex Pistols to gigs well before Johnny Rotten became a household name courtesy of Bill Grundy and Thames TV. She was actually with the Pistols in the studio during that controversial "Today" programme interview, and took part in the Grundy exchange.

At early Pistols' gigs she sometimes appeared on stage with the band, garishly made up, scantly clad. The philosophy of punk was, of course, that simply anyone could get up on a stage and have a bash. It aimed to break down the barriers between audience and performer.

It was in pursuit of this philosophy that Siouxsie made her debut as a singer — having had no previous experience — at London's 100 Club during the infamous Punk Festival of September 1976. Her band was assembled solely for that night's gig.

In her backing group were bass player Steve Severin and, on drums, a then-unknown Sid Vicious. They ran through an impromptu 20-minute punk version of The Lord's Prayer which caused one visiting record company talent scout to comment: "God, it was awful."

Nevertheless, The Banshees were on their way. By February 1977 they had settled down to a line-up of Siouxsie and Steve Severin, plus Kenny Morris on drums and Peter Fenton on guitar (later replaced by John McKay). Gigging hard the group attracted a loyal following, but there was still no recording deal.

Was it a case of nobody wanting them, or of the group being choosy and trying for the best possible deal? Siouxsie concedes that to a certain extent they were holding out, but that was only because the offers they had were conditional upon certain changes — shifts of emphasis of music and image — being made. The band were only interested, however, in having complete control over their own records and future.

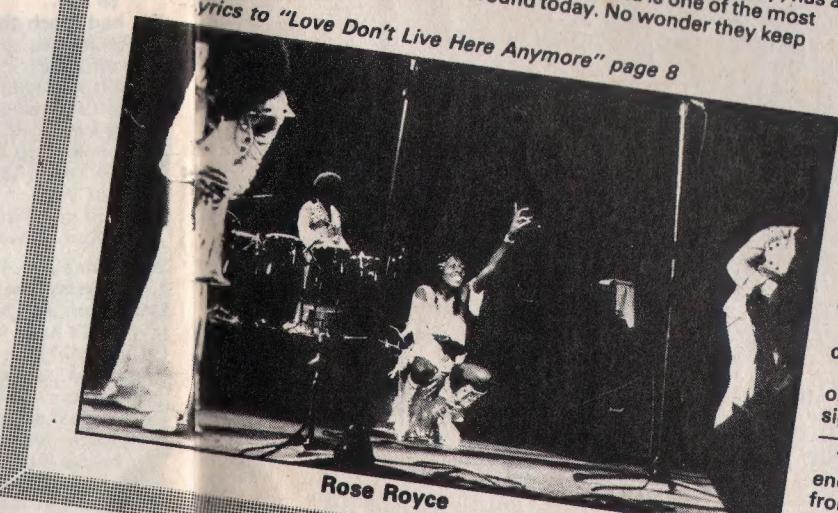
It cost them to hold on. Finances got tight, and it must have been galling to watch other new wave bands formed after The Banshees picking up hits and royalties. Nevertheless they were prepared to wait.

Eventually Polydor tempted them to put their signatures on a contract. Events moved at a fair pace from that point on.

The Banshees' debut single, the striking "Hong Kong Garden", is one of Polydor's fastest-moving 45s in more ways than one. After signing in June the band recorded and released the single ultra fast — on August 18. Four days later it entered the Top 50.

The Banshees are now working on their debut LP, drawing enormous audience appreciation and a highly favourable response from the critics wherever they play. This is the time to catch on to a very fine and original band.

Lyrics to "Hong Kong Garden" page 9



Rose Royce

**SMASH
HITS**

ABBA

